

Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

VOLUME VII.

HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY KY. OCTOBER 9, 1885.

NUMBER 81

CHAS. M. MEACHAM. W. A. WILGUS.
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MEACHAM & WILGUS,

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Every strain or cold attacks that weak back
and nearly prostrates you.

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Attorneys and Counselors at Law.
Rear Room over Planters' Bank.
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

1st Jan 1885

EDWARD LAURENT,
ARCHITECT

No. 22 PUBLIC SQUARE,

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.
Inserted in Fifteen minutes after natural ones are extracted, by

R. R. BOURNE,
DENTIST.

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Dec 2, 1885

CAMPBELL & MEDLEY,
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Over Jones & Co's, Store,

Main St. Hopkinsville Ky.

Jan 8-85-17

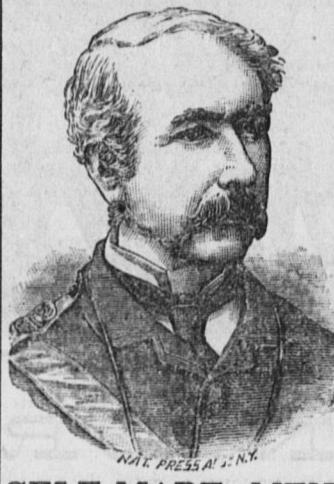
Men Think

they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know is not to have.

Superfuous Information.

[Texas Siftings.]

The students at University of Texas are always playing some game on the professors. Old Prof. Gassaway is generally selected as the target. About 3 o'clock in the morning one night last week he was disturbed by the ringing of his door-bell. Hastily enveloping his figure in a dressing gown he threw open a window and sticking out his head asked what was the cause of the disturbance. "The burglars are bad, and we only wanted to tell you that one of your windows is open." "Which one?" he asked anxiously. "The one you have got your head stuck out of, Professor," replied the students in chorus.



SELF-MADE MEN.

COL. A. WINCHESTER PISLE,
The Renowned Adventurer.

The distinguished gentleman whose portrait appears above, was born in the Sandwich Islands in the year 1812, and is consequently old and tough. His early life was spent on his native isle, where we find him at the age of manhood attired in tattooed cheeks and beads around his neck. The king of the island was not slow to discover the elements of greatness in our hero and at the age of 35 years he was brought before his majesty, who was so well pleased with the answers he gave to certain questions propounded that he made him commander-in-chief of his entire military forces. He waged a bitter warfare upon the enemies of his sovereign and when there were no longer any foes to conquer he expressed a desire to quit the scenes of bloodshed and enter the diplomatic service. He was consequently sent as Minister to Senegambia. After remaining for a few years in that country, he was detected in a conspiracy to seize the government and declare himself king. The head of the government had him arrested and sentenced to death, but he escaped from the guards on the eve of the day appointed for his execution, and put out to sea in a canoe, where he was subsequently picked up by an English steamer and afterwards made a tour of the world for the benefit of his health. He forwarded his resignation to his king as Minister to Senegambia and resolved to come to the United States and enter the Confederate army in the war of the rebellion, which was then fairly on. He was entirely destitute of funds at this time, but hit upon the happy expedient of expressing himself C. O. D. to the President of the Confederacy. This plan was entirely successful and he was received right side up and in good order and immediately sent to the front. He was engaged in most of the important battles and was severely wounded and left for dead upon the bloody field of Carnage. He was rescued and eventually recovered, but not until the war was ended, and he suddenly found himself called upon to meet the stern realities of life in a strange land. After deliberating whether he would study for the ministry or become a gentleman of elegant leisure he finally decided to follow the latter profession. No sooner decided than acted upon, he supplied himself with fishing tackle and lured himself to the water's edge to angle for the funny tribe, or in other words to fish. In this calling he was eminently successful. He also became renowned as a hunter and succeeded in killing the first trip he made. It was while engaged in the business of fishing that Col. Pisle made a discovery that speedily established his fame and fortune. He was sitting on the bank one day fishing and hour after hour passed without a single bite. All at once the idea struck him like an inspiration to spit upon his bait. He did so and almost immediately his cork disappeared and he hauled out a fine fish. Again and again he tried the experiment with a like result. From that time on his success was assured. For a year he kept the secret locked in his bosom and then having laid up enough money to take him to the Capital he went to Washington and secured a patent on his discovery. A revolution took place in the fishing business and Col. Pisle found himself famous and was regarded as a benefactor of the human race. The royalty upon his patent soon made him a millionaire and he retired from business and settled in this city to spend his last days in ease and plenty. As a mere means of beguiling the time and giving him something to think about, he runs a furniture store and undertaker's establishment. Probably no living man has had a more checkered career than the subject of this sketch, but his fortune is now made and he has nothing to do but settle down to the quiet enjoyment of the same. He has also found time to engage in literary pursuits and some years ago made considerable reputation as a poet by writing "The Beautiful Snow" and other gems. As a prose writer he has achieved still greater distinction, his first effort being a series of letters over the signature of Junius which attracted wide attention. He occasionally contributes to the periodicals of the day, but his modesty prevents him from signing his true name to any of his writings. Col. Pisle unfortunately labors under the delusion that he was born to be a great humorist, but further to repeat it as a frightful example of how not to do it, which might be profitably exhibited in season and out of season.—*Henry Stewart, in N. Y. Times.*

[Texas Siftings.]

The students at University of Texas are always playing some game on the professors. Old Prof. Gassaway is generally selected as the target. About 3 o'clock in the morning one night last week he was disturbed by the ringing of his door-bell. Hastily enveloping his figure in a dressing gown he threw open a window and sticking out his head asked what was the cause of the disturbance. "The burglars are bad, and we only wanted to tell you that one of your windows is open." "Which one?" he asked anxiously. "The one you have got your head stuck out of, Professor," replied the students in chorus.

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WINTER WHEAT.

The Lessons Farmers Should Learn From Recent Reverses.

We should learn lessons from reverses. Farmers have certainly suffered severe losses by the failure of the wheat crop the present season, and it will be wise in this day of adversity to consider if there are not some good and sufficient reasons for the failure. The primary reason is doubtless the exceedingly unfavorable season. But to lay the whole blame of the failure of the crop to this cause is equivalent to an admission that a man is helpless when contending against the elements, and may reasonably sit idly with folded hands and accept as a fatal waste whatever fortune circumstances may bring to him. In like manner a man might as reasonably sow his seed and leave it a prey to weeds and then complain that the weeds had ruined his crop. It is one of the inevitable and unavoidable conditions of our existence that we have to strive against adverse influences of soil and climate. Weeds, storms, and injurious seasons have to be prepared for and avoided in some manner by the exercise of skillful and timely precautions. It is childish for any of us to say we can not help this or that adverse influence until we have exhausted every possible effort to avoid or nullify it. Has this been done in regard to last year's wheat crop? It must be confessed that in the great majority of cases this has not been done, and that the greater part of the losses are due to the imperfect manner in which the land has been prepared for the crop. Wheat is a highly cultivated and domesticated plant, and will not bear the rigors of winter unless it has every advantage of fertile and well prepared soil. Without these it succumbs to adverse conditions of weather, and is easily destroyed. There is no other crop grown that requires better farming than wheat, and it must be confessed that skillful farming is exceedingly rare. This is proved by every day experience, as well as by the very low average of wheat produced per acre, viz., about eleven bushels in the State of New York, against the possible average of twenty-seven bushels in other countries.

Just now farmers are preparing for the next wheat crop, and it is a timely subject for thought how the dangers to which wheat is subject may be avoided and escaped. Let us consider what the wheat crop requires for its perfect growth and then see how exceedingly rare it is that these requisites are provided. Wheat needs a peculiar condition of the soil. It should be made very mellow and fine about the seed and below it to a depth sufficient to give room for the roots to spread and take a firm hold. On the surface the soil should be somewhat loose and open and somewhat lumpy, but the lumps should be small and not so large as to be called clods. This condition is only secured by the most careful and thorough working. It requires also a soil free from stagnant water, and this is only procured by thorough drainage. No other crop requires drainage so much as wheat, and none is more quickly destroyed by the action of frost upon wet soil. The plowing of the soil is the first thing to think about, and this is to be done at the earliest possible moment. It will not do to leave the plowing for wheat until the week before it is time to sow the seed. Old farmers were in the habit of summer fallowing the land for wheat, and never considered it to be properly fitted without two or three plowings and six or eight harrowings. We are in too great a hurry to do this, but "haste makes waste," and in this respect the proverb is especially applicable. Moreover, if the ground is not plowed as soon as it is ready for the plow, the dry weather almost always interferes with or prevents the work, and it is done in the worst possible manner and in a hurry. The way to avoid this difficulty is to begin in good season and plow the ground as soon as it is cleared little or no harm may ensue, but the immediate plowing is indispensable to the proper fitting of the ground. One good plowing, with care to turn even furrows and to follow with repeated harrowings, and rollings if necessary, or to work the land thoroughly with a good pulverizing harrow or some cultivating implement which answers as a plow and harrow and even a roller at once, will make an excellent preliminary preparation. Repeated harrowings will fine and consolidate the soil, working all the mellow earth to the bottom and making compact and firm seedbed, and bringing all the lumps, which will be small to the surface. Then we have the especial conditions which the wheat crop needs, and if the seed is sown by a drill, or broadcast and covered with a cultivator or small plow, all that can be done will be done, and the farmer may then wait with patience, confidence and hope that the ancient promise will be surely fulfilled, viz., that "seed time and harvest shall not fail," and that "the hand of the diligent shall be filled."

A few words might be added to call attention to the rarity of this requisite preparation, but it is scarcely needed. Every farmer knows how carelessly the fall grain is put into the soil as a rule; how corn stubble is harrowed or scratched with the plow, and sown and left to produce a crop, or fail to do it, just as the season may happen; or how a weedy oat stubble, all dry, hard and baked, is broken up in a most imperfect manner, the rough surface rolled and just scratched so as to get an apparent smooth surface upon which the seed is sown, and then, as in the parable, the seed so sown where it has no depth of earth springs up, but soon perishes for want of the needed nourishment for the roots. All this is an oft-told tale—an "old, old story"—but it may be well to repeat it as a frightful example of how not to do it, which might be profitably exhibited in season and out of season.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN,
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1855.

CHAS. M. MEACHAM - Editor.

The President appointed thirteen postmasters Tuesday, but none were for Kentucky.

The Owensboro Inquirer has seen a chicken with three well developed legs.

The street-car drivers in St. Louis are on a strike just on the eve of the great fair and "Veiled Prophet" ceremonies.

The cholera is rapidly abating in Spain, France and Italy as cold weather approaches. The regular bulletins have been discontinued.

Miss Mary Anderson, the actress, has returned from a protracted and triumphant tour abroad. She landed in New York Tuesday.

C. D. Lester, who was one of President Cleveland's deputies when he was Sheriff of Erie county, New York, committed suicide in Iowa this week.

Nineteen hundred delegates attended the recent meeting of the Grand Lodge of Illinois, A.F. & A.M. There are 638 lodges in the state with a membership of 40,000.

Judge O. P. Hogan, Representative elect from Grant county, died Monday in the 78th year of his age. Already numerous candidates to succeed him are announced.

The Clarksville Tobacco Leaf has donned a new dress, thereby much improving its appearance. We are glad to see this evidence of prosperity upon the part of our esteemed neighbor.

The Messenger says Adelaide Owen, a colored woman, while going to her work in Owensboro stepped on a stick which flew up and punctured an ulcer of long standing on her leg from which the blood flowed until the woman bled to death.

The Republicans are already predicting that should Ira Davenport, the Republican nominee, be elected Governor of New York this fall, that he will be the candidate for the Presidency in 1853. This is upon the idea that New York will again be the battle-ground.

The Stanford barbers held a meeting and raised the price of shaves from 10 to 15 cents. The young men of the town organized a strike, whereupon the tonsorial artists held a second meeting and rescinded the obnoxious order. Fifteen cents is the customary price for a shave in this city.

An old man in Green Co. named Jos. B. Cochran, 80 years of age, took an ax and went into the bed-room of his son-in-law, Jas. H. Martin, and killed him as he slept. The old man claimed that he had given over all his property to his daughter's husband upon condition that he would be taken care of and that he was badly treated by Marcus's family. He will be tried for lunacy.

Murat Halstead, the fiery, untamed waver of the bloodyshirt, was not unlike other great men of his party in his younger days. He wrote a letter in which he said a great many things that should have been left un-said, in regard to the war and the prominent actors therein on the Union side. This fiery document was written in his office in Cincinnati and not from army headquarters. This heroic patriot thought in 1863 that he could serve his country better by editing the Commercial (now the Commercial-Gazette) in the city of Cincinnati and letting others do the fighting. He is one of the few fanatics who is still fighting over the dead issues of the war and the Cincinnati Enquirer recently paralyzed him by copying in cold type the extremely disloyal letter which is elsewhere given.

The Small-Pox in Canada.

Montreal, Oct. 6.—At a meeting of the Board of Trade to-day, a motion in favor of rigorous enforcement of the sanitary laws and compulsory vaccination was unanimously carried.

One hundred carpenters are working night and day at the exhibition buildings, getting them ready for occupation as a small-pox hospital.

Official returns at the Health Office to-day showed 19 deaths from small-pox yesterday in this city, four in St. Jean Baptist and one in St. Cunigonde. Of the 818 deaths in Montreal during the month of September, 714 were of children and 104 of adults.

A gentleman reached the city last night from the Jellico coal-mines, on the Knoxville branch, where the camp was recently located, and reports a deplorable state of affairs. His statement of the methods used by the lessees of the convict labor makes the blood boil with indignation. He says that the convicts, who know nothing of mining, are given tasks, and when they fail to mine the number of bushels demanded they are taken out on the mountain-side and lashed unmercifully. Their ignorance as to the manner in which the excavations should be made leads to daily accidents, in which the poor convicts are injured by the falling coal. A hospital has been established where the wounded are kept. The gentleman states that when he left one man had been driven crazy by a fractured skull.—Louisville Times.

Halstead's Letter—the Monstrous Document in Cold Type.

[From the Enquirer.]
OFFICE CINCINNATI DAILY AND
WEEKLY COMMERCIAL
CINCINNATI, Feb. 19, 1863.

Governor Chase:

MY DEAR SIR:—I wrote you a somewhat fantastic letter the other day. But that I suppose is not now strange. I write this morning to send you a copy of a private letter I have from our army in front of Vicksburg. It is from a close observer, who endeavors to tell the truth.

"There never was a more thoroughly disgusted, disheartened, demoralized army than this is, and all because it is under such men as Grant and Sherman. Disease is decimating its ranks, and while hundreds of poor fellows are dying from small-pox and every other conceivable malady, the Medical department is afflicted with delirium tremens. In Memphis small-pox patients are made to walk through the streets from camps to hospitals, while drunken doctors ride from bar-rooms to whore-houses in Government ambulances.

** How is it that Grant, who was behind at Ft. Henry, drunk at Donelson, surprised and whipped at Shiloh, and driven back from Oxford, Miss., is still in command?

Gov. Chase, these things are true. Our noble Army of the Mississippi is being wasted by the foolish, drunken stupid Grant. He can't organize or control or fight an army. I have no personal feeling about it but I know he is an ass.

There is not among the whole list of retired Major-Generals a man who is not Grant's superior. McClellan, Fremont, McDowell, Burnside, Franklin, even Pone or Sumner, would be an improvement upon the present commander of the Army of the Mississippi. Will you wake up some of these days and find we have no Army of the Mississippi?

Then, there is awful discouragement at the way the foolish old Hunter, who is thought to be a great man because he is not insane in his prejudices on the negro question, is doing. In God's name, what is he waiting for? More reinforcements? Why he can't die and get out of the way as Mitchell did.

But to stop this sort of growling, and come to something more practical.

The army West and East is being weakened hourly by desertions. It is the great evil. The thing needful to stop it is for the President to give each commander of department's power to SHOOT DESERTERS. They must be shot by the dozen. The President's weak, piling hell to the army. Can't you take him by the throat and knock his head against a wall, until he is brought to his senses on the war business? I do not speak wantonly when I say there are persons who would feel that it was doing God service to kill him, if it were not feared that Hamlin is a bigger fool than he is.

And yet the pitiful Congress twaddles weekly in private caucuses about political matters, as if a little more bigger would do everything. Why don't they pass your finance measure, and the conscript act, and mind their own business?

Miss Doddclum—No, sir; I am from Peoria, Ill.

The Colored Institute.

The Annual Institute of the colored teachers of Christian county, was called to order at ten o'clock yesterday, and Prof. Aaron H. Payne, Principal of the Hopkinsville Colored Public Schools, was elected President, W. M. Smiley, Vice-President and R. N. Campbell and Miss Nora L. Moorman, Secretaries.

The meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. E. Williams.

The President delivered an address which was the first thing on the regular program. The session occupied the day yesterday and will conclude its business this evening.

The following is a list of the teachers in attendance yesterday.

A. H. Payne, W. M. Smiley, R. N. Lander, G. H. Gant, Jno. W. Knight, Robt. Dade, A. L. Burkes, John Dickens, J. J. Fleming, E. W. Benton, D. H. Marshall, P. A. Gary, Mrs. Susie Campbell, Mrs. V. A. Burton, Mrs. Laura Lytle, Mrs. Millie Morgan, Mrs. Sue C. Smiley, Mrs. Mary E. Vaughan, Mrs. M. C. Griffey, Miss Nora L. Moorman, Miss Jennie L. Brewer and Augustus S. Kincheloe.

ROLL OF TEACHERS.

Below we give a complete list of the colored teachers of the county by districts:

No. 1—Geo. Robinson, Crofton.
2—Miss Ellen C. Clements, Miamington.
3—Miss Terese Gardner, Haley's Mill.
4—Aaron H. Payne, Principal.
5—Miss Nora L. Moorman.
6—Miss Jennie L. Brewer, Assistant.
7—Miss Mary E. Lander, Lander.
8—H. M. Coleman, Hopkinsville.
9—Mrs. M. C. Griffey.
10—Peter A. Gary.
11—John D. Green.
12—Mrs. Laura Lytle.
13—G. A. Barksdale, Bennettsburg.
14—W. M. Smiley, Casy.
15—I. N. Campbell, Beverley.
16—Henry Dyer, Bennettsburg.
17—D. W. Pettus, Oak Grove.
18—J. H. Knight, Pembroke.
19—Mrs. Millie Morgan, Hopkinsville.
20—Robt. Dade, Pon.
21—Miss Jenny Bell, Hopkinsville.
22—A. L. Lander, Lafayette.
23—Mrs. C. Smiley, Casy.
24—J. W. Gardner, Believer.
25—Miss Mattie N. Major, Church Hill.
26—Henry Renshaw, Sinking Fork.
27—G. W. Green, Believer.
28—Miss Cornelia Hillman, Newstead.
29—John Dickens, Garrettsburg.
30—G. H. Gant, Hopkinsville.
31—Mrs. Mary E. Vaughn.
32—Christopher Malone.
33—Miss Viola A. Burton.
34—E. W. Benton.
35—No teacher.
36—Mrs. Eliza S. Galbreath, Elmo.
37—A. J. Nance, Johnson's Store.
38—J. R. Sharer, Crofton.
39—No teacher.
40—No teacher.
41—Miss Lydia Bell, Organette.
42—D. H. Marshall, Pembroke.
43—Mrs. Lucy Johnson, Garrettsburg.
44—Miss Agnes Dabney, Pembroke.
45—No teacher.

A Peculiar Name.

Dunley (who had just been introduced to Miss Doddclum)—you have rather a peculiar name. Miss Doddclum. I never heard it but once before. I had some business communication with a man of that name in Florida, Ill., and a precious rascal he proved to be, too. Did I understand Mr. Hendricks to say that you are from Boston, Miss Doddclum?

Miss Doddclum—No, sir; I am from Peoria, Ill.

REPORT OF TRUSTEE OF JURY FUND.

September Term of Circuit Court.

RECEIPTS.

To balance on hand from March \$2563.66
" cash received from Frank Clark 101.92
" " " County Judge 216.50
" fines received of magistrates 55.51
" Constables 19.30
" amounts received from all sources \$1666.35

CREDITS.

By amount paid grand jurors \$264.00
" petit juries 938.00
" witness fees 50.00
" postage 5.00
" total amount paid out 1429.00
Trustee's commission 45.02
balance due by Trustee 3663.43

B. T. UNDERWOOD.

CLAIMS ALLOWED.

Accomts of Justice Pease \$141.00
Constables 27.72
" Pauper Idiots 562.50
" Witnesses 325.00
C. A. Biggs, Sheriff, reward 10.00
C. A. Biggs, Sheriff, reward 9.15
W. G. Patterson, reward 100.00
John Boyd, Sheriff 35.15
F. G. Patterson, Chief Page 32.00
J. C. Brasher, City Judge 54.00
Ordey book 23.05
John L. Estill, Sheriff 70.00
J. T. Lunsford, Sheriff Hopkins Co. 3.00
J. E. Mosley, Sheriff Tennessee 26.90
General statistics 8.00
J. T. Lunsford, Circuit Clerk 8.00
W. P. Winfree, County Judge 14.00
Total claims \$2188.91

What S. S. S. is Doing for Me.

I have suffered a long time with cancer and skin eruption. The best physicians tested their skill, but said they could do nothing more for me. I have taken less than a half dozen bottles of Swift's Specific, and to my surprise as well as to the wonder of all my friends, my face has peeled off, the skin is smooth and clear, my eye is almost well, and the cancer on my neck is drying up. I have gained five pounds in flesh during the last month, and am now in better health than I have been in eleven years. A terrible load has been lifted off of me. Dunreith, Henry Co., Ind.

D. A. HEDDISON.

Religious.

The Baptist Missionary Circle No.

7, composed of Mt. Zion, Hopkinsville,

Concord, Sinking Fork, West Mt. Zoar,

New Barren Springs and New Pleasant Hill churches will hold its next meeting with the church at Hopkinsville on the fifth Saturday and Sunday in November. The foregoing

churches, or as many of them as have

not already done so, are earnestly re-

quested to appoint finance commit-

tees of at least two ladies and one gen-

tleman that collections be taken at

one to be reported by the messengers

to the Circle Meeting. It is also de-

sirable that the churches shall be

largely represented by

messengers appointed at their regu-

lar meeting preceding the next fifth Sunday. It is designed to

complete the organization of our cir-

cle work, to discuss and adopt the

best means of church collections, to

consider the claims of our Foreign

Home, State and Associational Mis-

sions, Sunday schools and Colport-

age, the Orphans Home and Minis-

terial Education. Let special prepa-

rations be made by all the brethren

that our meeting may be profitable.

A cordial invitation is extended to the

brethren, and friends who may be

able to visit us with the assurance of

hospitable entertainment.

J. W. RUST,

Vice President, Circle No. 7.

A negro tramp entered the house of

J. W. Valentine, near Bowling Green

and choked Mrs. Valentine until she

surrendered \$18 to him—all the mon-

ey in the house. His name was Joe

Rountree, alias Bruce, and he was ar-

rested the next day.

Treatment for Small-Pox and Skin Disease mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,

Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

FIRST CLASS AGENT.

Wanted in this County

To represent our beautifully illus-

trated family magazine. Special

terms and permanent engagement

given to the right party. Any smart

man or woman who is willing to

work and has the ability to push the

magazine can secure a splendid posi-

tion. Write us at once giving age,

particulars of past work and territory

desired. Address,

COTTAGE HEARTH CO., Boston, Mass.

THE MAGIC INSECT EXTERMINATOR

and MOSQUITO BITE CURE.

We offer one thousand dollars for its equal.

Call and see us or write to us

TIME TABLE FOR TRAINS.

DEPART SOUTH—5:55 A. M.; 6:45 P. M.
DEPART NORTH—10:30 AND—A. M.; 9:30 P. M.
ARRIVE FROM SOUTH—10:30 A. M.; 9:30 P. M.
ARRIVE FROM NORTH—5:30 A. M.; 4:45 P. M.
Time Table of C. & O. & S. W. R. R.
GOING SOUTH.
Lv. Louisville 1:30 A. M.
" " 8:30 A. M.
" " 11:30 A. M.
" " 2:30 A. M.
GOING NORTH.
Lv. Memphis 11:40 P. M.
" " 8:30 A. M.
" " 11:30 A. M.
" " 7:30 P. M.
POST OFFICE—North Main Street.
Open for letters, stamps—7 A. M. to 5 P. M.
" " money orders—6 A. M. to 4 P. M.
" " delivery messages—3:45 to 4:15 P. M.
SOUTHERN EXPRESS OFFICE,
Russellville St.
Open 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.



Another soul into eternity hurried,
Another spark of life gone out,
Another suicide has left the world
And departed hence, by the morphine route.

SOCIALITIES.

Mr. G. W. Wiley and wife are spending the week in St. Louis.

Mr. Park A. Heaton has accepted a position with J. D. McPherson.

Mrs. J. I. Landes is visiting relatives in Columbus, Ohio.

Mr. Wm. E. Bell has gone to California for the benefit of his health.

Mr. Alex Henderson made a visit to Louisville this week.

Mr. G. E. Gaither paid a visit to Louisville this week, on business.

Mrs. A. J. McDaniels has gone to Missouri to be absent for two months.

Col. John Frost is expected to arrive here within the next few days to remain until spring.

Mr. J. P. Wilson, a prominent merchant of North Christian, was in the city yesterday.

Mrs. Prestridge, of Selma, Ala., has been on a visit to her son, Rev. J. N. Prestridge, for several days.

Miss Maude Nicholson, of Evansville, left Tuesday for home, after a pleasant visit to Mrs. S. G. Buckner.

Messrs. B. T. Perkins and F. H. Bristow, of Elkton, were among the visitors to the city the first of the week.

Mrs. Ike Hart has returned from the East, whether she went to purchase a new stock of millinery goods for the fall and winter trade.

Messrs. E. R. Cook, W. A. Wilgus, J. B. Hopper and several other gentlemen from this city are attending the St. Louis fair this week.

Mr. Camille E. Trice, of Fort Worth, Tex., left Wednesday night for home, after spending a week or two with his parents.

Mr. Thos. S. Jesup and his sister, Mrs. W. S. Davison, late of Strawberry Point, Iowa, have arrived in this city to remain permanently. Mr. Davison will also arrive in a few days. They were all formerly residents of Hopkinsville and their return will be a source of gratification to their many friends.

Mr. Geo. W. Means and wife left for Louisville yesterday to take up their residence. They intended leaving several days ago but failed to get off. Mr. Means, together with Mr. Joe Weil, his late partner in this city, and Mr. Winfield Roach, formerly of Clarksville, Tenn., will engage in the business of buying and selling horses and mules on a large scale.

MARRIED.

CRENSHAW-WARE:—At the Baptist church, this city, yesterday, the 8th inst., at 5 o'clock p. m., by Rev. J. N. Prestridge, Mr. M. Fillmore Crenshaw to Miss Leila P. Ware, the youngest daughter of Mr. W. W. Ware. The church was handsomely decorated for the occasion. The marriage was witnessed by a vast concourse of invited friends of the contracting parties.

Theatre.

Mrs. Helen Coleman, the Wonderful Southern Woman, appeared at the Opera House last evening. She comes fully up to expectations. That she is possessed with "something," there can be no doubt, what that "something" is, we cannot say. She easily lifts grown men around the stage by simply touching the palms of her hands to a walking cane. Large grown men from the floor while sitting in a chair, and other startling feats by simply touching her hands to canes, umbrellas, etc. We would advise everyone to attend to-night's performance. It is entirely different from anything heretofore shown on the local stage.

TOBACCO SALES.

Sales by Buckner & Wooldridge, October 7, 1885, of 25 hds. tobacco as follows:

15 hds. common and medium leaf, 8 70, 8 70, 8 55, 8 50, 8 40, 8 25, 8 20, 8 00, 8 55, 8 60, 7 50, 7 30, 7 00, 7 10, 7 50.

10 hds. common and medium lugs—6 60, 6 25, 5 50, 5 50, 5 50, 5 50, 5 00, 5 25, 5 50, 5 25.

Markets strong and firm, and prices fully sustained for all kinds. Sales every week, commencing on Wednesday. Nothing good or firm in our brake this week.

Keep Looking Young.

This is the age of young men. Other things being equal they are everywhere preferred. Save your young looks. It means power and money. Is your hair falling off dry or lustreless? Preserve it by using Parker's Hair Balsam. Not an oil, not a dye, sure to work, clean, harmless. Restores color.

HERE AND THERE.

Howe's sun time is the city standard. Born, to the wife of Mr. A. L. Wilson, on the 7th inst., a ten-pound boy.

FOR SALE—A fine New Remington No. 3 sewing machine, at a great bargain. Call at this office.

The finest watch repairing in the city is done at Howe's.

The court of claims will meet on the third Monday in this month, which is the 19th day.

Judge H. R. Littell was appointed last Tuesday, administrator of the estate of M. W. Grissom, deceased.

Two licenses to wed have been issued this week, viz: Oscar Gamble to Miss Mollie West; M. F. Crenshaw to Miss Leila P. Ware.

The New Era has moved its office to Messrs. Callis & Hays' new brick building on the south side of Bridge street, nearly opposite its former quarters.

Rev. A. Malone, of Franklin, Ky., will commence a protracted meeting at Crofton, on Monday night after the second Sunday in this month, which is next Monday, the 12th inst.

The Sunday School mass meeting at the Christian Church last Sunday was largely attended. Dr. Wishard and the pastors of the local churches made speeches appropriate to the occasion.

Pawpaws and persimmons are ripe and hazelnuts and hickory nuts are only waiting for a few good frosts. Verily a fat time is close at hand for the festive tramp, who has been deprived of a support since blackberries have been gone.

Up to yesterday morning no frost of consequence had been reported in this county, but the farmers were badly scared the first of the week and have been engaged in cutting tobacco all this week. The bulk of the crop is now doubt housed by this time.

Jim Dollins, who cut Henry Bullock in the face, at a house near the city limits Saturday night, was tried before Esq. Anderson and Rogers Wednesday and the testimony in the case was found to be very conflicting. So much so that the Commonwealth failed to make out a case, and Dollins was released on a plea of self-defense. County Attorney Sobres represented the prosecution and R. W. Henry the defense.

Messrs. M. Frankel & Sons have rented the two corner rooms in the Beard Block and have cut a door between them and will occupy both rooms with their mercantile establishment. One will be used for dry goods, notions and ladies supplies and the other for clothing and gents' furnishing goods exclusively. They will have the largest establishment in southwestern Kentucky. Hopkinsville boasts no citizens more enterprising than the Messrs. Frankel.

Mr. C. S. Tompkins, agent of the Empire drill company, was here during the Fair. The local agents, L. G. Williams & Co., were awarded the first premium on their drill at the Fair. They also exhibited the Perkins Wind-mill for the first time and made several sales on the ground, so satisfactorily did it work. They also secured a premium on their imperial plows. Their display was very attractive one. Messrs. Williams & Co. are reliable gentlemen and enterprising dealers and merit the confidence and patronage of the public.

Geo. Oldham was tried before Judge Brasher Tuesday morning, charged with recklessly shooting Jennie Thurston in the shoulder, near the fair grounds, Friday night. He was defended by Moss Mosley, col., who insisted on making a speech. The court graciously indulged him for a few minutes while he aired his learning and displayed his oratorical powers in the presence of a group of appreciative colored auditors. The case was not very clearly made out, but Oldham was given \$5 and trimmings in spite of the eloquence of his friend.

R. A. Masons Attention!

OCTOBER 7th, 1885.
Oriental Chapter, No. 14, R. A. M. will meet in stated convocation on Monday night, at 7:30 o'clock. This being the last convocation before the convening of the Grand Chapter, it is important that all members should be present. Visitors are cordially invited.

THOS. RODMAN, H. P. C. H. DEUTRICH, Sec'y.

Self-Destruction.

JAS. H. MOSS LEAVES THE WORLD BY THE MORPHINE ROUTE.

A Lafayette Sensation.

The news of the suicide of Mr. James H. Moss, a prominent citizen of Lafayette, in this county, was brought to the city Wednesday for the first time, although the melancholy event transpired two or three days before. Lafayette is twenty miles from this city, remote from railroads and telegraph lines, and it was not till the suicide had been buried that the outside world learned of his fate.

On last Saturday afternoon deceased went to the drug store in Lafayette and purchased a bottle of morphine. He went to his home and going into his room locked the door. It was not until the following day that suspicions were aroused and the door was broken open. Mr. Moss was found in a dying condition. He had taken nearly half of the contents of the bottle, and his case was at once pronounced hopeless. He died sometime during Sunday or Monday, the exact time we could not learn. No cause can be conjectured for the rash act. He was not driven to it by any of the customary causes, such as financial embarrassment, domestic infelicity, ill health, etc. He is one of the last men who would have been picked out for a suicide.

Mr. Moss was about 47 or 48 years of age. He was married years ago to Miss Fannie Greenwade, who survives him. They never had any children. Mr. Moss was for many years a clerk in Thos. Terry's store, but at the time of his death was clerking for Mr. Shyer, of Lafayette, and was in a comfortable fix financially. He belonged to the Methodist church and was a man loved and respected by his neighbors in all the walks of life. He sometimes had neuralgic attacks and one theory is that he took an overdose of the fatal drug, while trying to relieve the pains of neuralgia, but the fact that he locked himself in his room is a strong point against this. The general opinion is that it was a deliberate and well planned suicide. Deceased was not related to S. W. Moss, who committed suicide, in this county, last summer.

Buy your wife one of J. D. McPherson's Celebrated Pi a n o s and make her happy.

SPECIAL LOCALS.

We are in receipt of the largest Stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Valises and

CLOAKS:-

Ever brought to Hopkinsville, to which an inspection is solicited from every man, woman and child, in this and surrounding counties. We are prepared to quote lower prices than ever before. We do now, as herefore, claim, that we are the leaders of Low Prices. Call on us when in need of anything in our line and be convinced.

OLD RELIABLE

M. Frankel & Sons.

CIGARS and TOBACCO.

If you try them once you will be convinced, and you will say that this advertisement is no humbug. Come and see for yourself before buying. Goods delivered at all hours throughout the day.

Now remember where I am located, Nashville St., opposite the Lewis House. I am ever your accomodating friend.

SPECIAL LOCALS.

We make a speciality of Cloaks. We are showing the largest & most varied stock in the city. Have just received this week \$3,000 worth of these goods bought from a Bankrupt Manufacturer, which we are selling at almost half their value. Be sure to make your purchase early if you need a Cloak or Winter Wrap. Prices will advance as the season advances. We are offering special inducements for the next 30 days. The headquarters for Cloaks.

M. Frankel & Sons.

DON'T FAIL

To call on J. R. ARMISTEAD if you want anything in the Drug line, Paints, Oils and Varnishes. His prices are Rock Bottom, and stock large and fresh.

FRESH OYSTERS received daily at Wilson & Galbreath's.

GENTS, if you smoke Ottie's choice you will never complain of the headache. It is the best 5 and 10 cts. cigar in town.

O. S. Stevens.

Maillard's Breakfast Cocoa, the best made, at Wilson & Galbreath's.

Call and examine our elegant line of Dress Goods and trimmings. Our prices are way down.

M. FRANKEL & SONS

Oh, what nice Groceries and Confectioneries we see at O. S. Stevens' new store.

At Gaither's Drug Store you will find a full line of Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c. Fine Wines and Liquors for Medicinal purposes. All styles of Fine Writing Papers, and by far the largest line of Plush Goods ever brought to the city. Prescriptions filled from the purest and best Drugs in the market.

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THOS. RODMAN, H. P. C. H. DEUTRICH, Sec'y.

GENTLEMEN!

I want your attention just a few moments. I am here before the public a young man just starting out in life. I am well supplied with a new stock of Groceries of all kinds, and the best that can be bought and I must sell them. All I ask of you if you trade with me once you will come again, for the bargains I give you cannot be surpassed.

I also have one of the nicest and most complete lines of whiskies, brandies and wines.

O. S. Stevens.

Chromos, Oil Paintings and Steel Engravings Cheaper than ever at J. D. McPherson's.

E. L. WALLER, Steward.

Leggett's Oat Flakes, fresh, at Wilson & Galbreath's.

LOST!

On June 24th last, by Hopkinsville Lodge of Masons, the Junior Deacon's Jewel (which is a crescent with a square and compass), and the Secretary's Jewel (crossed over a book, both Jewels of silver). Any one having found these will please deliver them to R. W. Norwood, Secretary, at the Planters Bank.

M. FRANKEL & SONS.

Sir, what is in those barrels? Why Early Rose Potatoes. Oh, they are so nice. He has 50 barrels of them. Come and see them.

O. S. Stevens.

New Oat Meal at Wilson & Galbreath's.

M. Lipstine!

LEADS THE TIMES WITH A FULL LINE OF

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,

Ladies' Dress Goods,

CLOAKS, MILLINERY & NOTIONS.

He is now in his new store on Main Street, opposite Geo. O. Thompson's furniture store, who is well glad to serve everyone. His stock of

Men's, Youths and Boys' Clothing

is of the best quality and latest styles, and the largest in the city. A large variety of

Ladies' Misses' and Men's Boots and Shoes.

His stock is all new and fresh, and will be sold at the lowest figures. Examine his goods and prices and you will find that he states nothing but facts.

MILLINERY!

His stock of Millinery was selected by Mrs. Isaac Hart, who is well acquainted with the trade, and the display in this department cannot be excelled, and the ladies are especially invited to inspect them.

HIS STOCK OF

SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

NASHVILLE STREET.
HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY

SABBATH-DAY READING.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

"Now we see through a glass darkly, then face to face."

What though life's way perchance be dark,
And our trials few?

Or that bright, illumine the path
That cold and dreary seems?

Immoral life shall soon outlast,

We know not what gains and sighs?

We shall from weariness of tears

To light and beauty rise?

Then o'er that way that dark appears,

There shall a light be thrown,

By which we clearly may discern

What we have seen of our own

When we shall see that other path

Our feet would fain have trod

Led away from gates of hell.

—N. Y. Observer

SILENT HOURS.

The Situation in Which God Makes to Us His Supreme Revelations — Quiet Thoughts the Best.

Our high st thoughts come in our quiet hours. The fruit of the soul ripens, like the fruit of the vine, in quietude. Thoughts, like berries, must not be disturbed while ripening. Our greatest experiences, whether of the intellect or of the spirit, are not made, they grow. It is when Newton is lying on his back and chances to see theapple fall that the law of gravitation flashes into his mind; when Watts is sitting by the kitchen fire that the steam from his mother's kettle suggests to him to harness this genius and set him to work; when Morse is resting on the ocean steamer that the magnetic telegraph suddenly unclogs itself before him.

So, in our spiritual experiences, our best thoughts are our quiet thoughts; in the silence of the mind God makes to us His supreme revelations. The placid lake reflects the heavens. When the stormy clouds roll over in the quiet bow spanning the sky that God makes the prophet of His Gospel. The blare of the trumpet announces the coming of the King, but the trumpet is not the King. When the head of the procession past, he comes riding by in a plain carriage and without decoration. The startling manifestations of grandeur and power are not the voice of God; they are simply a call to us to halt and be still that we may hear His voice, which is always a still, small voice. The burning bush compels Moses' attention, and when he has stopped to look, it is a voice which speaks to him. The whirlwind, the fire, and the earthquake harmonize with Eliab's storm-tossed soul; but when the greater fury of nature overtopping his own heart calms his spirit, as the fury of the wind sometimes itself beats down the waves of the seas, it is in a still, small voice, or, in the expressive language of the Hebrew, "in a sound of gentle stillness," his Father speaks to him. The glory in the heavens wakes the shepherds; but their Lord they find as a common babe in a common manger. Paul falls to the ground with his companions, startled by the light which dims the brilliance of the sun; but the voice which speaks to him is a voice in his own soul which his companions can not hear. Not lightning flash, nor reverberating thunder, nor earthquake tossing the solid rocks into sea-waves, are the symbols of God's disclosures of Himself; but the light—the light which does its work in absolute silence, the light which no wind can ruffle, no voice disturb, the light which nothing can obstruct save the exhalations which the earth itself, turns up in daubing clouds, and even these the light in time drinks up, dissolves, pierces and rolls away, in history we look for God when the earth trembles under the tread of myriad soldiers and the earth is sulphurous with smoke, and the tempest of battle fills the air with darkness and all bears with dread. But God is not in the storm; when it has passed away He beckons the hero of a hundred battles into a sick room and there bids him wait in silence the slow siege of death, and the Nation learns more of God and His divine consolations and sustenances from the silence of the sickroom than from the battle-field of Shiloh, the site of Vicksburg or the surrender at Appomattox Court House.

The earth is full of Christians who wish to go back to the days of the burning bush, the mountain tempest and the Heavenly illumination; but they are living in the era of the still, small voice. It is as if Moses had closed his ears to the words of the I AM that he might have admired the burning bush; but Paul had failed to listen to the voice which disclosed to him the brightness of his own conscience that he might admire the light shining in the heavens. Such Christians are like the small boys who run with the advanced guard of the procession, and care not for him whom the procession honors. Like John in the Apocalyptic vision, they look for him, unlike John, they do not see the Lamb.

"Be still and know that I am God," is the utterance of a profound philosophy. It is only in the silence of the mind that we can hear the "sound of gentle stillness." Immersed in the whirl of society or the equally exciting whirl of business life, we can not hear this sacred unspoken word or realize this sacred unseen presence. As in the concert-room one closes his eyes that he may concentrate his whole soul upon the music, follow it in its mazes, and interpret its mystic meaning, so in life we must sometimes close eye and ear to all surroundings and forget the visible that the invisible may gain entrance into our heart. Even Christian work may prevent Christian communion. He who would impart God to others must first receive God himself. We can not give what we have not received, and we receive God only, or chiefly, in hours when the mind is relaxed and resting. Every soul should secure some silent hours. The greater the work the greater the necessity for such periods of rest. So Christ spent whole nights upon the mountain-top in prayer, not wrestling with God like Jacob, but resting in God as David would have done when he desired wings like a dove, that he might fly away to his home and be at rest. Even in our religious experience it is not well to be too anxious, too preoccupied with ourselves, too full of our own desires and aspirations. The Christian is often like a restless child, climbing in and out of its mother's lap, too eager with its questionings to listen to its mother's answers or receive its mother's influence. Too many Christians are like Mary, who was so eager in her quest for the body of her Lord that she did not know the living Lord when He stood by her side and spoke to her. Too many Christians doubt whether God answers prayer, because they do not stop and listen for His answer. It is well sometimes to come, not only out of society and business, but even out of Christian work, and listen for the sound of gentle stillness, and be still and know that God is God. It is well sometimes to stop our earnest quest for Him and let Him find us.—Christian Union.

Have tried Tongaline in facial neuralgia, with excellent results; it controls the attack in a few hours, often giving almost immediate relief. F. W. Owen, M. D., Detroit, Mich.

Sam Jonesisms.

A good man is like a city set upon a hill, you can't hide him.

If you want to know what your neighbors think of you disguise yourself and go among them.

How many men in this congregation are paying the rent for women who are not their wives?

Preachers know a good deal more about their flocks than they dare tell. It might endanger their salaries.

A pretty woman has ruined more than one church.

You needn't turn up your nose at God, for he knows you.

"Whatsoever a man soweth he shall reap" is true both in the Bible and the almanac, whether God said it or not.

Some of you men have sowed enough seed to damn the world.

If you sow whisky you reap drunks.

Grocery stores with bar-room attachments are moral hell holes.

Your daughter may be beautiful and lovely, but first thing you know the devil may pack off a drunken son-in-law on you.

A man who gets drunk will stay if he is not too much afraid of the jail.

A man who would swear before his children is a brute.

The gambler is invariably the son of a Christian family. Why is this?

Show me a man who was a soldier in the late war who says he didn't have and will show you a liar.

I have a contempt for a man who has the time to play cards.

I never knew a first-class billiard player who was worth the powder and lead it would take to kill him.

There's about forty men in this congregation who are going to hell on a bloated horse.

The most beautiful sight in this world is to see a man leading his wife and children into the gates of heaven.

Live so your children may put their feet in your tracks and be honorable.

Most of you don't care, if your neighbors goes hungry so you have enough.

If you don't like my style of preaching you know the way out.

God will never quit drinking whisky for a man.

Christ and whisky don't stay in the same hide at the same time.

Do you know a pious politician?

If so rack me out one. I want to see his powerful bad.

The devil enjoys the way many preachers preach.

Ingersoll does no harm. The real infidels are in the churches. They believe, but don't practice.

There are women here who haven't struck a lick of work in years. They do nothing but shop, shop, shop. Hell is full of such women.

Take your city church—the Lord don't go within a mile of them, and the devil gets in.

The man who don't laugh needs a liver medicine. The moxie and growler never gets to heaven.

The three miles an hour lick in religion ain't no good.

Look at the sister headed for the theatre. The devil has a string around her neck but she don't know it.

"No, sir; he was old Ben Bailey a noted chicken peddler. Here, bring up the drinks."

Bring me a corpse and a coffin and I will be gloomy; flowers, and I will smile.

I'd rather be a town dog than a town har.

The truth flows from a good man like molasses from a jug.

Tell the truth, though you die in a poor-house.

There are christians in this church who are kind to everybody else's wives and mean to their own.

A horse trader lies by keeping his mouth shut.

There are christians in this church who are kind to everybody else's wives and mean to their own.

Secretary Whitney's Experiment.

Alex. N. Menz, in St. Louis Magazine.]

Miss President's sister Cleveland does not seem to be over famous for the correctness of her quotations. In that dull and stupid attempt at wit, "All About the Smiths," she says:

"Lady Mary Worley Montagu said the world was composed of men, women and Smiths."

If Lady Mary said anything of herself, she admires Lady Mary Worley Montagu said the world was composed of men, women and Smiths."

If Lady Mary said anything of herself, she admires

the truth flows from a good man like molasses from a jug.

Tell the truth, though you die in a poor-house.

There are christians in this church who are kind to everybody else's wives and mean to their own.

A horse trader lies by keeping his mouth shut.

There are christians in this church who are kind to everybody else's wives and mean to their own.

Secretary Whitney's Experiment.

[Man. Rec'd.]

J. K. Srouse has received the contract for building gas works for the Citizens Gas Light Company, Mayville, Kentucky.

Samuel S. Brown, Chris. Bonner and Jordon Giles have incorporated in Louisville, Ky., the Western Contract Company, capital stock \$25,000, to build railroads, bridges, etc.

Lawrence Bradley, Timothy Driscoll, John M. Martin, Jr., and Samuel D. Tompkins have incorporated in Louisville, Ky., the Coeur d'Alene Water and Mining Company, to do a general milling and mining business in Idaho; capital stock to be \$250,000.

D. Boulous and Isaac Johnson have established a saw mill at Oakland, Ky.

Bentlinger & Eisfelder, Henderson, Ky., whose brewery was reported last week as damaged by explosion, are repairing it.

Jacob Flegle has sold his mill at Woodville, Ky., to House & Matlock, and is building a new mill at Arling-ton, Ky.

The Mayville Cotton Mills, Mayville, Ky., are being improved, and new boilers put in.

The Monarch Novelty Company, has been incorporated in Covington, Ky., by F. H. Anderson and M. G. Truman, to manufacture and sell patent articles and novelties. Capital stock \$20,000.

The Falls City Varnish Company, Lewis Collins, president, Louisville, Ky., has been organized to manufacture varnishes, driers, etc. Capital stock \$10,000.

Occasionally a startling thought story comes from Alabama. Several days ago Mr. Henry Battleworth, who lives near Birmingham, discovered, upon awakening at morning, that he and his entire family were drunk. Of course, as he nor anyone of his family had drunk anything, he was puzzled. The intoxication was of a rather gentle kind and soon wore off. The next morning he again found that every member of the family was drunk. He was puzzled more than ever, and being an investigative man, he devoted himself to the task of discovering the cause of his family's discomfiture. He was successful, soon discovering that his house was nightly infested by mosquitoes that came from a distillery. Mr. Battleworth is now writing a book entitled "The Bite of a Mosquito or Hyperdermic Intoxication." The book will doubtless have an extensive sale.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Have tried Tongaline in facial neuralgia, with excellent results; it controls the attack in a few hours, often giving almost immediate relief. F. W. Owen, M. D., Detroit, Mich.

COURTSHIP BY TELEGRAPH.

How a Louisville Telegraph Operator Won a Bride at Dayton, Ohio.

DAYTON, O., Sept. 11.—[*Enquirer Special*]—Quite a romantic love affair, terminating in a wedding, came to light here to-day. During the strike of the Western Union telegraph operators, a few years ago, a lady operator named Cora Lennox was brought here from Union City to take the place of a striker. The young lady is quite handsome, and is a person with a disposition to make friends. No one was quicker to perceive her good qualities than Lawrence E. Moones, an operator at the Cincinnati end of the wire. He seemed to know from the click of the instrument that a pretty damsel was at the other end, and soon the wires were used by the two to talk to each other, although they were sixty miles apart. What gushing stories of love and the usual nonsense attending such matters they may have told no one will ever know. However, they were so well manipulated that recently Mr. Moones took a trip to this city to make the better acquaintance of the girl who possessed his affections, and to whom he never saw. This only seemed to feed his affection, and he dried the farmer's face, he inquired, "Try a little of the tonic to-day, sir? It's the daisy restorer."

"No; guess not," was the reply.

"Say, your hair is getting pretty long, isn't it? Or was you going to have it cut?"

"O, I guess it isn't too long."

"Pretty long. Don't nobody wear their hair that long nowadays."

"Well, I guess I'll let it go this time."

"I have a shampoo?"

"No."

"Try some of this sea-foam? It's the bossing thing for this Pittsburgh dirt."

"No; and how I'll tell you sumthin' young man. After this don't bother me. I slept perfectly that night, and am now wholly well. Parker's Tonic will cure chronic asthma."

E. C. Williams, Chapman, Pa.

Guessed Him.

[Ark. Traveler.]

"Speaking of General Stonewall Jackson's peculiarities," said an ex-Confederate, "why, sir, a whole book might be written about 'em. One time—I never shall forget it—we were on a forced march in Virginia. I was hungry as a wolf, and I had begun to grow tired of the Confederacy. Fighting for a principle was all well enough, you know—but I am drifting from my story. Well, we were marching along. I was a lieutenant and I had not been very long with that division of the army and but few of the officers were known to me. Well, the rain was pouring down. One of my wagons got stuck fast in the mud. 'Oh, but I was mad and I couldn't help swearing.' Pretty soon an old fellow came riding along.

"'Say,' said I, 'you needn't sit there looking at that wagon. Get down and help the men haul it out.'

"He got down without a word of protest, put his shoulder to the wheel and tugged away. I didn't pay any particular attention to him, aside from seeing that he was doing his duty. After awhile, when the wagon was rolled out, I felt sorry that I spoke so harshly to the old fellow. Well, to make a long story short, I'll bet you the drink that you can't guess who that old fellow was."

"'Til take you,' said one of the company. "It was Stonewall Jackson."

"No, sir; he was old Ben Bailey a noted chicken peddler. Here, bring up the drinks."

Littell's Living Age. The numbers of the Living Age for August 29th and September 5th contains the French in North America, Edinburgh, Glasgow, London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, etc. The noted specialists of the day with benefit of eight years' treatment in the field of science and art.

"'Tis a great pity that you can't get along without extra expense."

For full information, rates at Hotels, analysis of rates, Pullman Palace Cars, Pullman Sleeper Cars, etc., call on Mr. T. A. POTTER, 225 Madison Avenue, New York.

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